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- ART. IX. — 1. *Montebello, Magenta, Marignan. Lettres d'Italie.* Par AMÉDÉE ACHARD. Paris: Hachette. 1859.
2. *Chronique de la Guerre d'Italie.* Par EDMOND TEXIER. Paris: Hachette. 1859.
3. *La Guerre d'Italie. Récits illustrés de la Campagne de 1859.* Paris: Hachette. 1859.
4. *Les Hommes du Jour.* Paris: Michel Levy. 1859.
5. *Lettre aux Conseils Généraux.* Par le COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859.

It is curious to see how a war undertaken as was the last in France is written upon, and who writes upon it. From a mixture of actual alarm and vanity, from the positive necessity of doing something in a country more weary of despotism than resentful at it, the late war was resolved upon by Louis Napoleon. The pretext was the liberty of Italy; the emancipation of the Italians from the Alps to the Adriatic. The world was told of a great drama to be enacted, and the actors were ordered to get ready to play their parts. Now the very persons selected to blow France's trumpet, and to send the record of what was to be done in Italy into the ears of the civilized world, prove how thoroughly the whole was a grand comedy. No grave men, no men of weight and worth, whose assertion would be listened to by any public, were bidden by Napoleon III. to record his deeds upon the soil where the founder of his house gathered his first laurels. No! The men to whom was intrusted the task of telling France what occurred in the plains of Lombardy were the so-called *chroniqueurs*, whose avocation it is in times of peace to tell the million what the million are doing. But if we look at the whole from the beginning to the end, it will indeed appear that those whose trade it is to comment on the mimic events of the stage, and to laud this performer or censure that, were indeed the fittest historiographers of what was to take place. A word of explanation to recall the prologue.

On one of those nights when, in the midst of show and splendor, European sovereigns are wont to receive the compliments of the envoys of other crowned heads, the Em-

peror Louis Napoleon twists his moustache angrily, affects a somewhat Olympian power, and informs the Minister of the Emperor of Austria that he regrets certain differences that have fallen out between the two governments, which, he has sense to add, no way diminishes the esteem he feels for the Emperor of Austria personally. This in reality shadows forth the whole coming farce. There shall be deadly strife between the nations; but the monarchs shall agree, and swear eternal friendship over thousands and thousands of corpses! There is consternation, gloom, and dread everywhere. Diplomats rush to and fro. Attempts are made to allay a quarrel which the principal party interested is resolved shall not be allayed till he has satisfaction for his vanity at all events. Then there comes "arming in hot haste"; the war-note is sounded; the banners are unfurled, and the real battle-piece begins with a "flourish of drums and trumpets."

For all this, assuredly, the most appropriate recorder is the *chroniqueur* of the *feuilleton*, and *chroniqueurs* are sent out by dozens from Paris to the Italian battle-fields. That the accounts furnished by these dealers in "light literature" were really those best suited to the temper of the times in France, and to the events they were to describe, is proved by one anecdote. M. Amédée Achard, a fashionable chronicler of fêtes, whose talent for small talk has made his prose welcome in every French lady's boudoir, was sent to Italy by the grave *Journal des Débats*; and one of the men whose age, name, and station give him a right to be heard, having remonstrated with one of the directors of the Orleanist journal upon the choice of such a correspondent, received this answer: "I am quite of your opinion, but the public takes kindly to the *chroniques* we publish from the theatre of war, and the military authorities seem to think they are just the right thing."

We must say that these letters of M. Achard are the least objectionable of any of the contributions to the military literature of the moment in France, and, from the very fact of the whole being undertaken and "got up" so theatrically, there is in the tone of the volume less to shock the reader than would occur probably in any other case.

In this our nineteenth century, when the national feeling in

no country can be despised, and when the particular way in which a whole people does this or that cannot be left unnoticed, it is curious to see how the French people set about going to war. Under the first Republic, the shoeless, stockingless, starving hordes, who set civilized Europe at defiance, fought for very existence. The troops led on by the first Napoleon fought for glory, and won it, and were not tired of the business till the glory was amply gained, and the proof stared them in the face that they were the tools of a conqueror's ambition. The soldiers of Napoleon III. in the late Italian campaign fought because they were told to do so, and because fighting was their trade. There is no death-struggle on which hangs the destiny of their native land, no fierce desire for renown, no resolve to carry the dominion of France into this capital or that. There is, on the contrary, in the larger part of the army, — in all except the Zouaves and Turcos and the Foreign Legion, brought for the first time into European service, — carelessness as to the necessity for any fighting at all, and in every regiment, even in the exceptional ones we have named, there is entire indifference to the cause for which it is asserted they are about to risk their lives.

It is not uninteresting to mark the way in which the two races — the helpers and those who are to be helped — come into juxtaposition. On the part of the Italians the notion that appears to prompt every act and every movement is, that the French army must be “made as comfortable” as it can be; on the part of the French, to “make the best of Italy and the Italians,” seems to be the main endeavor. Accordingly, in every town, in every village as far as Milan, (for beyond Milan the scene changes, and the welcome becomes strangely inadequate,) the Italians transform the halts of the French divisions into so many Capuas, showering down bouquets upon them, cramming them with ices, singing them songs, reciting odes to them, and, as far as in them lies, actually doing their very utmost to incapacitate their defenders from defending them. All this the Gaul takes pleasantly, and even to the very end of this comedy the French soldier refused to regard his Italian ally as anything serious in the matter of hard blows, but rapturously agreed that his way of life was charming, and so

much so, that, when it was proposed to evacuate Milan, a revolt was very near breaking out among these "helping" forces, who denied that there could be any reason for making way for the Piedmontese.

M. Amédée Achard intended in his volume to be extremely serious and strategical, and to endow the military literature of France with a few precious additional pages; but he has achieved nothing of all this. He has given us the *chronique* of a brilliant expedition lightly undertaken, and, we maintain, lightly executed, though at the cost of a horrible amount of human life. Even before the Italian shore is touched, we have a sample of the tone of M. Achard's recitals. Speaking of the departure of the detachments for Genoa early in May, he says:—

"Since Marseilles has been invaded and conquered by the cavalry regiments of our army, the plain black coat is at a discount with the daughters of Eve in this place. What is to become of a *redingote* compared with a cuirass, or a wretched hat when you pit it against a *Keps*?

"It is the fashion here for fair dames and fine gentlemen to go pleasuring out to La Joliette; it is thence that the steamers start which bear fresh recruits to the army of Italy. The great amusement is to see the embarking process, to watch the horses hoisted up by cranes, and the men as they seat themselves in the cutters with arms and accoutrements. Such a waving of handkerchiefs! such a clapping of hands! Good wishes without end are showered on these sons of France, and glorious victories are foretold for them. Then the paddle-wheels turn, a plume of vapor waves, with a shrill whistle the boat moves on towing other boats bristling with muskets and sabres, a shout rings from the quay, the *outward bound* answer it, and the harbor is cleared. France's fortunes are committed to the sea. Not seldom Champagne enlivens these adieus. The towns-people pledge the troops in its sparkling wave, and the troops are delighted to be thus pledged. Those who stay behind drink to the health of those who go on before."

And so "fashion," "amusement," *vin de Champagne*, "parties of pleasure,"—these are the words used when so grave a thing is under discussion as the going forth to slaughter of thousands of human beings who were without thirst for abstract glory, or faith in the chief whom they obeyed, or care for the cause to which they were devoted.

Let us now take another passage of M. Achard's volume ; one that is interesting because it touches upon the incessant passion of the French for calumniating their enemies. From the very first hour of the campaign, all the newspapers in France had rung with the oft-told tale of Austrian rapine. Everywhere where Austrians had passed, there had been noted dilapidation, plunder, and deeds of barbarous violence. France was chivalrous, France was civilized, enlightened, honest, (the fearful excesses of Turcos and Zouaves being kept concealed,) but her enemies were the lawless hordes of other ages. Well, M. Achard reaches Voghera, and what does he say on this subject ?

"Do not think, I pray you, that Voghera is a town without importance. It has 14,000 inhabitants, and we are all lighted everywhere by gas. The surrounding country is superb, — a perfect garden. The Austrians made a long halt here, which is easy to understand. Here I am touching upon a delicate subject, but I will risk it.

"You have been told by everybody, — nay, even by me myself, and that on the faith of lamentable details, — that on all sides the Austrians had ravaged the country, and absolutely sacked the towns. When approaching their late quarters, therefore, one begins to shudder conscientiously. Fie ! The hideous spectacles we are about to encounter ! What weeping families on scorching ruins ! What stalls emptied of kine ! What gutted dwellings ! What houseless wanderers !

"When you enter Voghera, unfortunately, — no, fortunately, rather ! — all these emotions have to be stifled. Voghera is in capital condition ; its fairer portion of population, above all, smiles a charming welcome to new visitors.

"When a mistake has been committed, it should be avowed. I for one shall speak of what may have happened in any place when I have seen things with my own eyes only. Well, all travellers are curious. It is a traveller's trade to be curious. I walked into inns and private houses. Chimney-glasses were in their places on chimney-pieces ; clocks stood where they should stand ; curtains fell over beds ; nothing was torn, nothing broken ; watches reposed in their owners' pockets, and no finger that I could hear of was bereft of the rings it wore before the invasion. Let me confess, also, that shoemakers had shoes and boots yet that they were at liberty to sell, and shirt-makers might still exchange ready-made shirts for the money of whomsoever chose to buy them. Nobody wore mourning that I could see.

“ But then it will be said,— The requisitions, and contributions, and vexations, and impositions, and exactions, and other abominations, where are they ?

“ Pardon ! war is war. Sheep and oxen have been driven away, naturally enough ; the soldier has been lodged and fed, naturally enough too. But these are things foreseen by the military code of all countries, and because foreseen, authorized.”

Next to the exceeding levity to which we have alluded, perhaps the most remarkable feature of the French military character in this day is contempt of every other nation, and an easy acquiescence in untruthful boasting. Falsehood, be it remembered, is not a military failing in any country ; it is opposed to military habits and notions. There is a rigidity inseparable from army discipline which tends to engender precision of speech and general trustworthiness of character. Among French troops the reverse of this exists, a condition of things springing from and reacting upon the extreme mobility and nervous excitability of the men. It is so thoroughly a national characteristic, which Machiavelli in his treatise on the French as a military nation has observed, that nothing whatever could be obtained from the French soldier, if exposed to the least discouragement. The consequence of course is, that whatever happens, the French soldier must, whether he deserve or not to be encouraged, receive the strongest and most persistent amount of encouragement from his chiefs and from all around him. How is this effectuated ? In two ways : by exaggerating his own brave deeds, and by wilfully and grossly depreciating the achievements of the enemy. Till within a few years it was difficult in French history to find trace of a defeat anywhere. Of Cressy, Agincourt, and the very early mishaps, nothing was said ; Rosbach was dissimulated or laid to the charge of the *ancien régime* (as now-a-days bad harvests are thought to be the sin of the imperial government) ; and as to the Duke of Wellington’s victories in Spain, they rank to this day as triumphs on the side of France, as did Trafalgar for nearly twenty years, and as a bold attempt has been made to bring Waterloo itself under the same category. This peculiar weakness of the French is manifestly on the increase. It showed itself in the

Crimea upon every occasion, and if ever the documents left by Lord Raglan should see the light, (as it is said they will ere-long,) we suspect that more than one proof will be given of the proneness of the Gallic cock to crow where he could with more justice have been silent, and where his crowing was made all the louder by the disdainful silence of John Bull. However that may be, it is certain that the mendacity we speak of was more striking during the Italian campaign than it had ever shown itself before. When all was over, general officers themselves would laughingly admit that at this place or that they had been hard pressed by the Austrians, who at the time were represented to have given them literally no trouble at all. But they would themselves give as a reason for the misrepresentation, that, if the soldier were not made to believe he had done fabulous deeds, he would be good for nothing at all.

It did no harm, eight or nine days after the event, to avow in the official bulletin of the *Moniteur* itself, what a bungling business the affair of Magenta was, and how for four and twenty hours the French had thought themselves defeated; but if the true state of the case had been revealed to the French battalions before Gyulai's incredible incapacity had left them free to return to the field they had not gained at first, they never would have returned, but would very probably have been quite unruly, and unavailable for the work for which they were required.

Now the *Chronique de la Guerre d'Italie* of M. Edmond Texier is one of those in which this extraordinary capacity for untruthfulness is most evident. This may be said to be one of the causes of its popularity, as the light tone of pleasantry affected by M. Achard contributes much to the success his book has achieved. Throughout M. Texier's volume the self-love of his countrymen never experiences the slightest affront. It is the "Chronicle" not so much of the Italian campaign, as of the marvellous feats which it is absolutely necessary Frenchmen at home and abroad should suppose French soldiers have performed. We by no means desire to detract from the real prowess of French soldiers, and from the large meed of glory which they so deservedly earned.

But with this no Frenchman who puts pen to paper, and scarcely any one who reads a book, is ever satisfied. What is needed by Frenchmen is precisely that species of glory which we should term supernatural, for deeds which were never done, and would, if done, reflect no very pure fame upon their doers. This peculiarly French characteristic is pointedly illustrated by the volume before us.

One other observation we would make on M. Texier's work; namely, that, more perhaps than any other, it sets forth what the recent campaign has produced,—the supremacy of the "eccentric" regiments—for we can find no other name for them—over the regular army. In every page you find the trace of the way in which the Zouaves, Turcos, and men of the *Légion Etrangère* arrogated to themselves a superiority over every other portion of the French forces, and looked insolently down upon their so-styled brethren in arms. The following narration will show what the tone of bravado was among these men before they found out, and were in the end obliged to know, that, whatever might be the faults and shortcomings of the Austrians in other respects, they were most honorable enemies in the field, and enemies whom it was an honor to overcome. Writing from Genoa in May, M. Texier says :—

"While they are expecting their marching orders, which must come soon, the Zouaves are busy organizing theatrical performances everywhere, and gratis. Yesterday, at the Café del Corso, a Zouave, round whom were gathered some hundred or two individuals, was occupied in relating and acting, with inimitable gestures and untranslatable words, 'The Lamentable History of Baron Dindonzell,' the Austrian field-marshal. Naturally, the mirth of our soldiers is at this moment excited by nothing but by the impossible absurdities of everything Austrian. Our gallant Zouave, then, a man of much imagination and no slight powers of speech, told, to the wild delight of his hearers, how Baron Dindonzell,* commissioned by his government to go and conquer Algeria, was himself conquered by the Algerians, and forced by these disrespectful personages to hatch turkeys' eggs! Dindonzell, having begun by refusing this delicate and dignified occupation, was

* There is here a play on words which cannot be rendered, "Dindon" (turkey) being in France the equivalent for a "goose" in our colloquial usage.

treated to so many *coups de bâton* that he overcame his scruples and accepted. But he was not at the end of his griefs. Of the first twenty-five eggs confided to his tender care he made — conceive what! Why, an omelette! This proof of a dull and slow comprehension on the part of an Austrian field-marshal did not surprise the Arabs; they only gave him fifty *coups de bâton*, — two per egg, — for, said our Zouave, ‘the Arabs are a just race!’ and Dindonzell, enlightened by this mode of instruction, set to work with great energy the next time, and actually did most dexterously hatch the turkeys’ eggs, ‘in which way,’ concluded the narrator, ‘Baron Dindonzell, although not a married man, was the parent of a most numerous progeny.’ Our Zouave, having finished this story amidst screams of laughter and applause, proceeded to tell a series of similar ones, each of which had as much success as the first. When you know what the taste of the Italians is for the farcical element, you will not be astonished at the *furor* that is created by the Zouaves in this most magnificent city of Genoa.”

We place this extract from M. Texier’s volume before our readers as it stands in the original, — “nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice,” — because it seems to us that the quotation needs no commentary. If an enemy to the French nation had invented such an anecdote, and had accused the Zouaves of such conduct as is here described, and Frenchmen of respectable position and education of encouraging it, and finding amusement in it, there would be no cause for surprise; and, above all, if French people or French newspapers complained of such things being imputed to them, we should doubtless think it very natural. But no. This is the work of a friend, of a panegyrist. This exemplifies the sort of thing which goes on among French soldiers when they are approaching a life and death struggle; this shows the necessity which exists in the French nature, not for exalting itself so as to meet any enemy worthily, but for depreciating every enemy systematically, in order that to meet and vanquish him may seem an easy undertaking. It is indispensable that French troops should be made to suppose themselves invincible, or else they fail more completely than those of any other nation. This system was acted on upon all occasions during the late Italian campaign. It requires nothing beyond a superficial knowledge of modern history to know that, compared with the first Napoleon’s first battles, those of last spring were but

second-rate achievements. Nor was this ever for an instant even contested by any French officer; but for the troops, it was necessary to represent the acts of the fathers as a thousand times surpassed and outdone by those of the sons. It would not have been wise to tell the truth except as embellished, and thus we have M. Texier exclaiming, on the 21st of May, after the French army had been saved at Montebello from being cut to pieces only by what were proved later to have been its immensely superior numbers:—

“We tread once more the roads that were trodden by our sires, and each stage is marked, as in their time, by glorious victories. The 20th of May, 1859, gives a second victory to Montebello, and splendidly inaugurates the campaign of Italy.”

A little further on we find the same necessity for boasting carried to a still higher degree. It was no fault of the French army that the affair of Montebello was so exceedingly close. The troops fought like lions; but they were ill-officered, encamped over too vast a space, and thus deprived of the means of being helpful to one another. The consequence was, that General Forey's division was almost entirely destroyed, and would have been exterminated, had not considerable detachments been sent up to the field of action at the very last by railroad. When the numbers of the French were formidably superior to those of the Austrians, they recovered Montebello from the enemy. Up to that moment they had fought magnificently, and had covered themselves with glory; but they had not been victorious. Yet, in the face of these, which are now historic truths, we have M. Texier writing to the editor of the *Siècle*:—

“The piece of news that has reached us, of the Austrian funds having risen two francs the day after the affair of Montebello, has caused endless hilarity in our little group. The Austrians are beaten to their satisfaction. That is all one can say for it. They were fifteen thousand men, the French only six thousand; yet the French remained in possession of the field.”

Here we have not only the national propensity for boasting, but an example of the ingenious way in which French “chroniclers” and “historians” of every kind contrive to

disguise and distort truth. The statement of the six thousand men was quite true in the outset of the action; but when victory was achieved, the French forces were nearer twenty thousand than six thousand, while the Austrians never reached higher than ten thousand or eleven thousand men.

As is usual, the defects we have named are coupled with qualities that serve as partial antidotes. If the French soldier be more addicted to embellishing the literal truth than the soldier of any other nation, he is also in better humor with himself and with everybody else than any other fighting man upon earth. For this he is proverbial. The English, German, and Russian troops fight obstinately, resist doggedly, bear privations sternly, and, in spite of every frown of fortune, die austere performing their duty; but they do nothing of all this with gayety. Now the French soldier, so long as he is not beaten, and so long as he believes it to be a thing contrary to nature that he ever should be beaten, is the most perfectly good-humored animal in creation, and endures not only uncomplainingly, but cheerfully, whatever hardship or privation he may be exposed to. The book entitled *La Guerre d'Italie* may be usefully consulted upon this point. It is a pleasant record of what a French soldier can endure without complaint. Of course, the same faults we have remarked in the works already noticed are also to be found in this; there is the levity of M. Achard, there is the untruthfulness and *vantardise* of M. Texier; but there is abundant proof of the endurance of privation, and of the constitutional contentedness, of the Frenchman in a campaign. If it is decidedly advantageous that foreign nations should be made accurately aware of the defects of a race whose favorite occupation, whose trade indeed, would seem once more to be war, as it was in the beginning of our century, and with whom no power in the world can be quite sure of not coming into collision, it is at the same time desirable to study certain qualities of that race which might be imitated with profit by the troops of other countries. Take by way of illustration the following extract from a letter of a French soldier, written from Abbiategrasso on the 10th of June:—

“Milan was a fine sight, though the weather was rather tiresome;

in the day heat that would roast meat, and every night torrents of rain and heavy storms. When one is caught in these out of the camp, nothing remains but to sleep all night on the flooded ground, which is everywhere like a river. But what does it matter? One does the best he can. We get capital soups here, plenty of cabbages and potatoes. . . . Do not trouble yourselves about me; I am a bit of a philosopher, and bad weather or good is all one to me. I take whatever comes, cheerfully."

Now if you compare the joy of this French soldier 'over his "soup of cabbages and potatoes" with the real privation that would be felt by an English or German soldier at going without meat, and if you reflect on the good-humor displayed by the Celt in the face of all the lesser troubles of his calling, you may perhaps admit that on this point the proud, uncompromising, but "grumbling" Saxon has still something to learn.

The works which we have hitherto noticed are, as the reader will have perceived, exclusively French, and treat what relates to the recent war in Italy from the purely French point of view. We will now turn to a small volume which treats not only of the French, but also of the Austrian notabilities, and, indeed, of most of the contemporary notabilities of Europe generally. This little book, *Les Hommes du Jour*, has had an extraordinary popularity and a great sale. It is anonymous, is evidently written by some one to whom its various subjects are intimately familiar, and is of striking impartiality in its judgments. The person to whom public opinion has chiefly pointed as its author is the son of Louis Philippe's last prime minister, M. Guizot. We will not pretend to say what truth may be found in the report, but it has been affirmed in Paris that, from documents furnished by his illustrious father, young Guillaume Guizot drew these sketches, to which the Italian campaign lent what the French call *actualité*, and which have certainly achieved a very brilliant success. From what we know of Guillaume Guizot's other productions, we should not have been led to suppose that *Les Hommes du Jour* owed its origin to his pen, but we simply register the current report.

The index to the book reveals at once its impartiality in a biographical sense. We have at the outset Francis Joseph,

Emperor of Austria, and Garibaldi, face to face ; followed by two statesmen between whom there existed a perhaps not less deadly hatred, namely, Prince Schwartzemberg and Lord Palmerston. Then come in succession Prince Metternich and M. de Humboldt, over both of whom the grave had barely closed a few weeks before ; the Prince Regent of Prussia jostles Marshal Canrobert ; Filangieri and the Duke of Modena are pressed up against Lord Derby, M. de Bourqueney, and Marshal Niel. We have some reason to know that a few among the portraits we have named are striking likenesses, and among these we will select the opening one of the Emperor Francis Joseph, it being not only one of the least familiar to the general public, but one of those that bear most directly upon the late events in the Peninsula.

“It was at a ball at Prince Lichtenstein’s. To whomsoever has not witnessed the balls of Vienna, it is useless to attempt to explain to what a pitch the chorographic creed may be carried. In Vienna waltzes and mazurkas are not mere dances, as they are elsewhere ; they are articles of faith, — things in which people have a determined and stern belief. In Vienna, Terpsichore does appear to you as the queen of the world, with her flounces of Brussels point, her crowns of flowers and cascades of diamonds. Well, — the dazzling crowd had been already assembled for some time, when a chamberlain came and announced to the host the approach of the imperial equipage. The Princess Lichtenstein placed herself at the entrance to the first saloon, while the Prince hurried down to the street gate. Through the whole length of the drawing-rooms a double file of guests was instantly drawn up, and in a few seconds came forward the young Emperor Francis Joseph, with his majestic hostess, Princess Lichtenstein, leaning upon his arm. The Kaiser wore that white uniform which is so well known in all portraits of Austrian officers, the crimson trousers, and only the order of Maria Theresa upon his breast. Every head was bowed low of course, and in the way in which the Emperor returned the bow, I fancied I discerned I can scarcely say what slight embarrassment or uneasiness, — explicable from his exceeding youth (he was then barely twenty) and from the singular rapidity with which events so strange and unforeseen had borne the boy-prince suddenly up to the supreme pinnacle of power. There are a vast number of small manœuvres that come easy to veteran sovereigns from long practice, of which very juvenile scions of royalty remain ignorant, especially when they are not born on the steps of a throne. The smile of princes !

Why, it is from the affable and encouraging to the icy cold, one long varied scale of hypocrisy, which only the long habit of supremacy gives, and which the novice Emperor had not yet had time to learn: the absence of which, by the way, invested his whole air and manner with an extraordinary charm.

“He did in truth look at that period like a picture of boyish youth confused by the sudden glory that had shone over it. In his conversation the same timidity and shyness were apparent, and the art of ‘cutting dead’ a courtier in disgrace, and casting a glance of graciousness to a favorite over twenty intervening heads, was assuredly not yet possessed in perfection by the newly-made Emperor. His hesitation was that rather of a proper, very well brought up young man, who was ready almost to blush at the homage tendered him by gray-headed men full of years and of renown, while he had in no way been in a position to merit well of his country or of his age. . . . While the young Emperor waltzed with the beautiful Countess Huniady, his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, watched from another end of the ball-room her three sons. The two younger were mere boys, the last of whom plunged with boy-like delight into the turmoil of the *cotillon*. I could not help then saying to myself: ‘A few years more, and on that group of young, happy hearts etiquette will have thrown its dust and mould, and *ennui*, that unescapable disease of princes, will have cast its veil over those young brows.’ Time has marched rapidly, so have events, and it was on the battle-fields of Lombardy, by the roar and flash of French guns, that we were destined to see all these personages of our first vision reappear.”

After a rapidly-detailed sketch of the principal circumstances of Francis Joseph’s imperial career, our author touches curiously and with much delicacy upon a point which it was certainly not easy to touch upon at all.

“There has been spread a scandalous story, in virtue of which the present Emperor of Austria would be simply the son of the Duke of Reichstadt.* Nothing can be more ridiculously false, and it is only necessary to go to Vienna to learn what credit was ever given in the Austrian states to this preposterous invention, which is gainsaid not only by dates, but by what is worth more than dates, by the reputation — held even by her worst enemies to be spotless — of the Archduchess Sophia. No. It would be hard to be mistaken in him, and not, at the

* This was a report invented, we believe, in Paris, by whom or in whose interest we never could clearly discover; but it is certain that, from the highest regions to the lowest, it is an article of faith in France, that Francis Joseph is the son of Napoleon II.

first glance, to recognize the genuine Hapsburger. Francis Joseph has all the characteristics of his race, from the thick under lip to the retrograde instincts. Physically, however, it may be allowed that the type has gained; for, on the whole, this young man is what one would term a brilliant cavalier, who is exceedingly careful of his attire, which the military habits of his country enable him to vary almost every day. Francis Joseph is adroit at all manly exercises; the best dancer in Vienna, the best rider, and, as a fencer, unsurpassed. Intellectually speaking, the best to be said of him is, that he is a hard worker, and has learned whatever can be taught. He speaks not only every language of his many states, but all their several dialects. To his mother is owing the care spent on his education. A most dutiful son, a model husband and father, the Emperor has all the patriarchal qualities of the House of Austria, just as he has its indomitable pride and its traditional obstinacy.

“To these traits must be added, however, a remarkable moderation and gentleness of character. In saying this, I mean to speak only of his habitual character, not of that which is drawn forth occasionally by events which strike upon the underlying resistant qualities, and provoke irritation, of which obstinacy is always the source. The heavy responsibilities of his position seem to me to have outweighed everything in Francis Joseph’s esteem, and to have crushed out that pleasant good-humor and equanimity which have, time out of mind, belonged to the sovereigns of his race. The activity of the Emperor is something really worthy of praise. At whatever hour he may retire for the night, the dawn finds him up and ready to *confer* with some one. Till now, military topics seem alone to have engrossed all his time; and as for science, art, literature, or any other source whence distinction may come to a people, his Majesty’s notice does not apparently extend so far. Of a surety, by an exclusively military prince there are such a vast number of audiences to be forever given, that the poor Muses may well wait rather long before their turn comes. Rough answers are given to the ‘civilians’ who venture to complain at the court of Austria; but their turn will probably come, when it shall be definitively proved that the eternal *Militärwesen*, as they call it in Germany, has exaggerated its capacities, its importance, and its strength in making itself, as it has done, the pivot of every earthly thing in the empire.”

If our limits would permit, we should much enjoy translating the sketches devoted to Victor Emmanuel and to Garibaldi. Both of these have been reproduced throughout the Parisian and also the provincial press, and both are

singularly felicitous. But we prefer giving our readers the portrait of a man far less notorious, but who has in reality been the only great military individuality produced by the late Italian war,—the soldier on whom most eyes in France are fixed,—Marshal MacMahon, now, since the campaign, Duke of Magenta. The sketch is a short one, but conveys a very faithful impression of its original.

“The French occupation of Algeria was in its beginning. M. de MacMahon was a mere staff captain,—an elegant young man, known already as one of those braves who, besides talent and merit, have luck to boot. He had never been wounded, which, to the eyes of his Oriental enemies, seemed a sure mark of predestination. One day Captain MacMahon was sent to inspect a kind of hovel built upon a slope, and thought to be untenanted. He hastened to obey orders, galloped up to the hut, dismounted, and walked round the slight tenement. Nobody! He walked into it, and there, in the close space of six or seven square feet, found himself face to face with an Arab! The whole was instantaneous; the French officer is deliberately aimed at by the Arab's long gun, and death is now inevitable. The finger pulls the trigger,—the French officer should be dead; yet there he still stands, unscathed!

“The Arab's gun had hung fire. The weapon escaped his hand, and, with a guttural cry, the swarthy son of Africa sank to the ground, convinced that a miracle had been performed, and that a mortal made invulnerable by God had been sent to punish him. I need not say what became of the Arab. He went to give an account of his adventure to the Prophet, in that paradise the hope of which makes good Mussulmans so indifferent to the occurrences of our world.

“As to the young staff captain he is now a *Maréchal de France*, and the invulnerability wherein his Oriental assailants recognized a mark of election has never been belied. From so many actions, among which Malakoff and Magenta should be mentioned, and in which his acts of daring have never been called in question, M. de MacMahon has always come off without a scratch. Nor is this in the stern game of war to be disdained; for if courage is much, luck is also indispensable to the great soldier.

“M. de MacMahon was born at Autun in 1807. He is the son of Count MacMahon, the descendant of an ancient Irish Catholic family that followed the Stuarts to France. Count MacMahon, the father, was a peer of France, and a personal friend of King Charles X. The subject of this biography entered St. Cyr in 1825, made his maiden

campaign in the expedition against Algiers, was aide-de-camp to General Achard at the siege of Antwerp, became a captain in 1833, and went back to Africa, where (particularly in 1837, at Constantine) he caused himself to be noted by all the chiefs of the French army. In 1845 MacMahon was raised to the rank of colonel. Firm-handed in command, fearless in action, the sight of his regiment alone was enough to make the Arabs gentle as lambs. They knew by many a terrible experiment that the fierce young colonel did not trifle when it came to close-handed work. After the *coup d'état* of December, 1852, which was far from meeting with his approval, Louis Napoleon made him a general. It was in this capacity that, during the few ensuing years, he conducted several successful expeditions among the Kabyles. But he never sought court favor.

"A General of Brigade in 1848, Count MacMahon became General of Division in 1852, and in 1855 was promoted to the command of General Canrobert's division of infantry, when the latter resigned his functions in the middle of the Crimean war. On the 6th of September, 1855, it was General MacMahon who took and held the Malakoff tower against all the Russian efforts to reconquer it. . . .

"After the peace he returned to Africa, where the late Italian campaign found him, and whence he started to place himself at the head of the second *corps d'armée*. . . . What MacMahon did at the outset of the war against Austria, history will one day tell. On the day of the battle of Magenta, it is beyond doubt that, toward half past five o'clock, he prevented the encounter from terminating unfortunately for France.

"It has been said of Marshal MacMahon, that he unites the energy of a Cambronne with the elegant valor of a Richelieu. There is much truth in the saying. He is one of those heroic soldiers who carry into the field the easy grace that is proper to the *salon*. His is eminently the courage of an aristocratic race. If with him the soldier always savors of the gentleman, the gentleman does in nothing savor of the soldier. It is hard to describe how unlimited is the modesty (almost reaching to bashfulness) of the illustrious warrior, who everywhere, unless in the midst of grapeshot and musketry, seems to take pains to hide himself from notice. His report to the Emperor on the affair of Magenta is a master-work of good taste. It is impossible to speak of an action wherein so much purely personal glory has been achieved with such absolute *impersonality*.

"In his outward appearance Marshal MacMahon has much of what his moral qualities would lead one to suspect. His countenance is austere, but pleasing, and tells of the man who submits to duty only,

and of the thorough gentleman. Not above, but scarcely below, the middle height, rather thin than stout, what first strikes you, as in Lamartine and General Changarnier, is the exceeding smallness of the head. MacMahon represents in our young army the traditional element which it would not be wise or well to lose. France is the country of Arcola and Austerlitz and Solferino, but also of Rocroy and Denain and Fontenoy. For this reason Marshal MacMahon is interesting to the observer. Intrepid as a Zouave, he yet preserves all the elegance and polite grace of a *capitaine aux gardes* of the old time."

We have thought it well to give this sketch to our readers in full; for Marshal MacMahon is, perhaps, in the whole present army of France, the one man to whom people look most as likely to play even a political part in the destinies of a country in which, as has been said, "*tout arrive*," and where the military commander of to-day may be the king-maker of to-morrow.

A curious publication is the one now lying before us, bearing no less a name than that of Count d'Haussonville. Though it does not actually treat of the circumstances of the recent campaign, it is bound to it by too many links to divide it from that one particular epoch; and the existence of the war, its origin, and its cessation, are the very causes of its being, and of the extraordinary impression it has produced.

Count d'Haussonville is a rich, high-born French gentleman, whose whole life has been devoted to the principles of constitutional liberty. He married the only daughter of the Duc de Broglie (the granddaughter of Madame de Staël), and is the author of several highly esteemed historical works. When negotiations were pending at Vienna, last spring, between France, England, and Austria, he constantly harangued his political friends on the necessity, should peace be concluded, of taking that opportunity to obtain an improvement in the institutions under which Frenchmen were living. He pronounced himself in favor of an "agitation" for the purpose of obtaining something in the shape of freedom, and repeatedly said, that the time had come when it would be right that men like his father-in-law or himself should be ready to make sacrifices for the cause of the nation's dignity. Peace was not secured. War broke out. Two months of fighting seemed

enough to Louis Napoleon, and the Treaty of Villafranca was concluded. Then came the amnesty, and the announcement from all sides that the French press was at liberty to speak freely, with the prediction that soon the laws bearing upon the press would be totally and entirely changed. The news rang through all France, and all France began to talk — alas! too soon. M. d'Haussonville kept his word. He instantly addressed a pamphlet to the *Conseils Généraux* in the provinces, and edition after edition was exhausted of the courageous manifesto, which bore as an epigraph M. Guizot's words, "*Nous n'usons pas des libertés que nous avons*"; — an assertion, the flattering fallacy of which the author was fated to prove.

What makes Count d'Haussonville's pamphlet so very worthy of universal circulation is, not that it pulls to pieces all the arguments on which were based both the war and the peace, and shows both to have been speculations, and unfortunate ones, but that it openly declares the superiority of representative government over a despotism is amply proved by the mere fact that, if France had had representative institutions, she would have escaped both the war and the peace.

"If all I have said," remarks Count d'Haussonville, "be correct, — and I do not see who can contest one fact I have advanced, — if all the conclusions I have drawn are well founded, — and I do not see how one can be called even exaggerated, — the result to which we are brought is self-evident. . . . We implore the members of our General Councils to say whether the peace of Europe and the well-being of France would not be more surely guaranteed by the mature decisions taken in the midst of the discussions of a national Parliament, than by those which are wholly dependent on the *will of one man*?"

The whole tendency of the pamphlet lies in that sentence, and there of a truth lies the pith of the whole affair. The effect was not slow, and the government announced that it should vouchsafe no "further" freedom of the press, "because the French press was quite free enough already." Upon this, the illustrious Villemain took up the pen, enlarged with lawyer-like force of cogent argument upon his friend M. d'Haussonville's appeal; and the government, then fairly roused,

opened its lips and gave forth the fiat. Public opinion was told to be quiet, or else, said the *Moniteur*, "the government would be obliged to show itself extremely severe"!

With the last honest struggle for liberty, some of the best names of France are associated. In a review of what the war has produced in a literary sense, we should have been sorry to deprive our readers of the knowledge that, having been undertaken against the will of the country, it has been at all events energetically inveighed against by a courageous few.

ART. X.—*The Shepherd's Hunting, and other Poems.* By GEORGE WITHER. London. 1814.

IF a virtuous man struggling with misfortunes be a sight that gods and men may look upon with pleasure, thus must they have looked upon George Wither, from the time when he was born in Bentworth, in the year 1588, until he expired in London, in the year 1667, at what is called the good old age of seventy-nine. His life was one of great vicissitude, and his misfortunes were sufficient to crush a spirit not overflowing with enthusiasm; but to Wither's lasting credit be it said that, through all his trials, he never deserted the political faith which must have been the result of his father's teaching, nor swerved from that higher faith he had learned beside his mother's knee. For his principles he suffered much; but he stoutly adhered to them, and would have cheerfully died for them at the stake.

Wither was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, after leaving which he entered Lincoln's Inn, and pursued the study of the law; but "Song was his favorite and first pursuit." It is well known that the law is a very jealous mistress, and requires an undivided heart. This Wither could not give her, and he soon discovered that his mission was not that of an advocate. He saw that "the times were out of joint," and fondly imagined that he, George Wither of Bentworth, "was born to set them right." In consequence of this belief he published a volume of poetical and satirical essays, called